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## New Publications.

## HOLIDAY BOOKS.

A MARRIAGE FOR LOVE, by Ludovic Halevy, with illustrations by Wilson de Meza (Dodd, Mead & Co.). With a portfolio of salmon colored silk brocade enclosing its limp paper covers, this gorgeous quarto seems entirely Parisian in its externals. That its illustrations are equal to the best things in modern black and white cannot be fairly said. The conventional costumes of its Gallic hero, always in military uniform—even by his fireside—and his ultra-fashionably attired bride, offer obstacles that the artist has hardly overcome. The publishers have done all that could be wished to make this ten-dollar volume notable among the books of the year; but it is always hard to praise an "édition de luxe" that does not by its overwhelming excellence atone for its impractical size and its unreadable shape; no other reason can be pleaded for the existence of a book of this class than that it was impossible to do justice to the theme in more convenient shape. But had this volume been of the style of the "Daudet" series, it had lost little, if any, of its art, and would have been more easy to read.

CHARING CROSS TO ST. PAUL'S, by Justin McCarthy and Joseph Pennell (Macmillan). Many of the plates in this folio will be familiar to readers of *The Portfolio*, in which excellent magazine they first appeared. The text of the book is more than padding if less than literature, and serves well to describe the places Mr. Pennell has drawn. The artist's view of London is realistic and modern; no unlovely detail is omitted, nothing modified or softened; consequently they have all the value of actuality and tell as the real place to those who know it, in a way rarely found in such books. The etchings as examples of the art, are good enough, at times really admirable plates, but as representations of the scenes truthful as a photograph, with an added touch that makes them alive and interesting. There is little doubt that to those who know the gray metropolis this book will be a welcome one; while to those who have yet to make its acquaintance it offers a veracious and picturesque panorama.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD, with preface by Austin Dobson, and illustrations by Hugh Thomson (Macmillan & Co.). In a notice of this name of the author may be omitted and his share in the work ignored, for the book is a household word and an assured classic. The preparatory matter, however, is so pertinent to many a recent article in these pages that it might be quoted bodily. In its twenty-six pages it gives, in the course of a running commentary of the illustrated editions of this famous classic for the last hundred years, a critical analysis of the progress of the art of book illustration. One better equipped for such work than Mr. Austin Dobson it would be hard to find, and the rare felicity of his clear style lightens his subject beyond the manner of art critics generally. Mr. Thomson's pictures are nearly all too closely modelled upon Randolph Caldecott's style, the types he chose and the mannerisms he adopted being followed to a painful degree; yet they are excellent work in themselves, and at times, as in the head-piece on page 167, have graceful fancy entirely their own. On the whole it is a book worthy in every respect save in the binding. The ruthless shears have spared too little of the margins of the pages, and worse, have cut these not mathematically parallel to the text, while the binding is not a decorative design so much as a picture in gold that fails to be in keeping with the otherwise exquisite taste marking the whole production.

THUS THINK AND SMOKE TOBACCO (F. A. Stokes & Co.). This well-known seventeenth century rhyme is here made into a gorgeous volume, beautifully printed on heavy paper. In binding intended to be medieval, the cover has a figure emblazoned like a brass of the period of Edward III., which is certainly a startling anachronism unless it be intentional burlesque. The binding is of silk in a brown tint, tied with leather strings, giving the book an individual quality. It is a capital present for a smoker. Mr. Wharton Edwards's decorations and illustrations are reproduced in monochrome, with red initials, and like the rest of the book are excellent bric-à-brac.

## BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE RED FAIRY BOOK, edited by Andrew Lang (Longmans, Green & Co.), is a companion volume to the Blue Fairy Book of last year. The present collection includes "Jack and the Beanstalk" and a few well-known tales, but is chiefly drawn from less familiar sources. The designs, by H. J. Ford and Lancelot Reed, have a good deal of the right feeling and are plentiful enough to satisfy even nursery critics. To say that every admirer of the "Blue" volume should procure this, is needless; but if any one does not know the former one, it is a good opportunity to repair the oversight and gladden some child beyond his fondest dreams by this storehouse of "märchen."

FLOWER FOLK, pictured by Laura C. Hills (F. A. Stokes Co.). This book is strangely suggestive of Walter Crane's "Flora's Feast," but while it lacks the decorative fancy of that delightful book, the studies it contains are so pleasantly reproduced, every wash of the brush being imitated with fidelity, that for those who wish to copy dainty little figures on porcelain or any of the materials used for painting upon to-day, it is a store-house for reference. There is no little charm about its graceful subjects, and the purity of tone kept in the lithography merits special commendation. Each flower is made to be the costume of a childish figure, and is arranged, without background, on brilliant white paper.

FRIENDS FROM MY GARDEN (F. A. Stokes Co.). This daintily selected anthology of poems about flowers is a quarto illustrated with the sketches in colors, that are also in "Flower Folk," noticed above. The book is bound in white, with blue and silver decoration, and has a certain charm greatly above its species.

MAGGIE BRADFORD'S SCHOOL-MATES, by Joanna H. Mathews (F. A. Stokes & Co.). Children's books are perplexing to choose, from the bewildering number; yet for a present for a little girl this would be a distinctly successful choice. Mindful of the love of children for sensation, legitimate enough in its way, the author has made this no mere chronicle of bread and butter, but introduces a railway accident, a fire, a waste paper basket upset by a dog, and other more or less disastrous incidents to break its even course.

BABY'S KINGDOM, wherein may be chronicled as memories for grown-up days The Mother's Story of the Progress of the Baby, is the ample and sufficiently explanatory title of a holiday book designed and illustrated by Annie F. Cox and published by Messrs. Lee & Shepard. No doubt many fond mammas will be proud to keep the record of the firstborn in such a volume as this, duly recording the day and hour of Baby's birth, his first gifts, his weight at birth and at the end of each successive month until the completion of the second year; the christening, the birthday, the first tooth and the first picture—each has its own page, and there is also a frame to enclose the precious photograph. There are many familiar rhymes and songs for Baby when he gets a little older, and there are many pictures which, by and by, we dare say, will give Baby much pleasure.

## ART AND LETTERS.

THE LIFE OF AN ARTIST, an autobiography by Jules Breton, translated by Mary J. Serrano. (D. Appleton & Co.). For those who themselves paint, or who are dilettante admirers, it would be hard to find a more absorbing book than this. As full of lessons to the painter as of interest to the ordinary reader, it should be on the shelves of all who love art. Mrs. Serrano's translation is very well done; if here and there a little French in the construction of its sentences, this is infinitely preferable to the use of distinct idioms of American type that disfigure many paraphrases. But with the crowd of holiday books, again this month, demanding the attention of the reviewer, we feel that it is hardly possible to do justice to the autobiography, even remembering the full references to the original work already made in our illustrated articles on Jules Breton. We hope, later, to return to it and show more fully what curious fascination this frank record of the ups and downs of an artist's career has for all who are members of the art of which this veteran Frenchman is so noble a representative.

DECORATIVE AMERICAN WILD FLOWERS, by Harry Kuenemann (The Albertype Co., 67 Spring Street, New York). This is a large, handsomely printed folio, with twenty monochrome reproductions, 9½ x 12, on wide margined mounts. The flowers are all native ones; but the treatment is neither exactly botanic nor pictorial. The arrangement of each rather suggests a piece of the foreground of a large picture. This plan gives some hints of the habitat of the flowers, but it also reveals more noticeably the need of color to bring out the full beauties. Their usefulness as motives for designs would have been greater had each plate been a purely analytical study with no attempt at composition or landscape effect. Flowers in black-and-white require peculiarly sympathetic treatment, and in spite of the evident care displayed in these, the result, judged purely from the standpoint of a decorator who looks at such a collection as one for reference, is less valuable than it might have been, while for flower painters, the omission of color is even more serious.

ROYAL EDINBURGH, by Mrs. Oliphant (Macmillan & Co.). The author of "The Makers of Florence" has found a subject hardly less delightful, and one that, despite the grace that marks her two great Italian books, has all their charm, with the additional value of the subject being her native Scotland. The historical record of this queen of cities is told in the pleasant fashion Mrs. Oliphant has so long sustained; while the illustrations, ample and of good quality, are all of actual places and hence valuable adjuncts to the text. The book is well printed, but cut too closely and with careless folding that offends a book lover's eye. For lasting value this book deserved flawless finish, as it is one to retain and refer to again and again.

PHYSIOGNOMY AND EXPRESSION.—Senator Paolo Mantegazza has produced here a useful little work, giving a clear idea of the present state of the sciences with which he deals. The first part of his work, about a third of the whole, is devoted to detailed descriptions of the features of the various races and conditions of men, ending in the avowal of the author's belief in the actual superiority of the Aryan type of countenance to all others. In the remainder of the book the emotions are classified and examined, and their involuntary muscular effects are described with considerable fullness. The author's readiness to declare certain problems (such as that of the meaning of the frontal convolutions) still open is likely to lead the reader to make original observations of his own. He is a thorough-going Darwinian, and his constant use of the modern scientific terminology will to many make his remarks seem abstruse when they are in reality very simple. For the art student, the book cannot take the place of Bell's "Anatomy of Expression," though it covers the ground more completely and is more logically arranged. It is furnished with plates and an index. (Scribner & Welford.)

GEOMETRICAL DRAWING FOR ART STUDENTS, by I. H. Morris (Longmans, Green & Co.). In scarce two hundred pages this handbook has apparently exhausted the subject. Save to those few specialists who delight in the problems it offers, it cannot be recommended as pleasurable reading, but for the purpose of a text-book for art students it is of the highest value and fully covers the necessary ground.

## RECENT FICTION.

THE ANGLONIANS.—FLOWER DE HUNDRED, By Mrs. Burton Harrison. (New York: Cassell Publishing Company.) The first of these novels appeared anonymously, but it is no longer a secret that it is by the same delightful writer as the other. After having enjoyed "The Anglonians" as it appeared originally in *The Century Magazine*, it is rather disappointing to find it in book form without the illustrations which imparted so much to its charm then. Mr. Gibson has the rare art of drawing a gentleman and a lady, and after once knowing his "Mr. Jencks" and his "Lily," it is difficult to believe that the ideals of the reader can quite come up to them. However, let us not be captious. Here, we have the story in handy shape, printed in clear, open type, on good paper—just the book for a lazy winter afternoon. We will not spoil it for the reader by revealing the plot; although, in truth, the plot is by no means the chief charm. We will say, however, that if the sequel of the love episode is not what the average young lady would wish it to be, it is, at all events, what it would be apt to be in actual life. Some of the personages of the story, we think, are quite new to fiction, although common enough in fact—pretty, designing Mrs. Bertie Clay, for instance, and Mrs. Floyd-Curtis. The misadventure of Lady Melrose in the New York street-car, we have heard, actually occurred to the late Lady Roseberry. Altogether, "The Anglonians" is a remarkably accurate picture of a certain phase of New York society. It is a satire in a certain sense; but this is due chiefly to the artistic presentation of the facts as they have come under the author's observation, and, in saying this, we could hardly pay her a higher compliment.

FLOWER DE HUNDRED is so different in many ways from the volume just noticed that, if it, too, had appeared anonymously, few persons would have attributed it to the author of "The Anglonians." It resembles the latter, however, in its truthful presentation of human character. This time, however, there is nothing even suggestive of satire. On the contrary, we are given a picture of life on a Southern plantation, which is wholesome and cheery. Mrs. Harrison makes us see with her eyes, and that is very pleasant; for, her disposition being buoyant and hopeful, we are apt to have the bright side of things. She has no bad people in this story; that is to say, no bad white people. There is, indeed, a negro who deals in voodoo mysteries, and he has a scapegrace son. But these are introduced for picturesque purposes principally. That the title of the book is a fortunate one is evident from the fact that everybody wants to know what it means. At the first blush, it seems to suggest some occult connection with Mr. McAllister; but neither that distinguished Southerner from Goose Creek nor any of his 399 associate exclusives have anything to do with it. The book contains some capital pictures of plantation life in Virginia before the war. The description of the Christmas celebration, in particular, is very graphic. The call to arms; the sacrifices entailed by it; the fratricidal carnage; the desolation of fair homes; and, finally, the reunion of the States, are all told by a Southern woman with spirit and unerring loyalty for the traditions of her land and kindred, but without one word of sectional bitterness.

DR. LEBARON AND HIS DAUGHTER, a Story of the Old Colony, by Jane G. Austin (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). This chronicle of "incredible truth," to quote the preface, is a worthy successor to "Standish of Standish." To revive the atmosphere of the last century and bring historical personages to move gracefully through the scenes of a book, side by side with those of the author's creation, is not an easy task. Here, however, it is well accomplished, and from the introduction of Francis Lebaron, to the final touch where "fresh flowers are on his grave," there are few who will not follow every line with interest. The humor of the book, racy and idiomatic, is as noticeable as the author's keen insight into character.

TWO LOYAL LOVERS, a romance by Elizabeth Winthrop Johnson (F. A. Stokes Co.). The story, although beginning in 1861, is an historical novel, and the list of references at the end, of matter connected with the war and its heroes, would not disgrace an important monograph. The tone of the book is good, its dialogue crisp, and fortunately without the stilted paraphrase that makes the ordinary historic novel akin to old melodrama. It has strong incidents and well-sustained character-drawing.

STRANGERS AND WAYFARERS, by Sarah Orne Jewett (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Yet another collection of delightful sketches by this deservedly popular writer. The note of unsensational pathos the author discovers in the taciturn New Englanders is as marked as ever in this collection. "By the Morning Boat" and "Going to Shrewsbury" may be cited as delicately-drawn studies of character that are artistic and true. The humble folk she understands so well are pictured as they are, but with the glamour that made Millet's peasants more noble than real life, despite the unflinching realism of their representation.

TIMOTHY'S GUEST, a story by Kate Douglas Wiggin (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is bright outside and inside. In spite of the atmosphere of the slums, its sketches of child life are full of pathos, with the saving touch of humor that keeps it clear of maudlin sentimentality. It is a clever book, marked by distinct treatment of a well-worn theme, that should make the adventures of Timothy, Samantha and Miss Vilda, household words.

## POETRY AND RECENT VERSE.

BALLADS BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (Charles Scribner's Sons). Lovers of "Ticonderoga," that superlegend of the Western Highlands that made memorable a by-gone Christmas number of Scribner's Magazine, will hardly need much inducement to buy this volume. "The Song of Rahéro" is another legend, not this time of the author's new home; although included as one of these ballads, it has hardly the "lilt" and "go" that the title suggests, nor is the "Feast of Famine" peculiarly lyrical. But the charm of Ticonderoga is present in the envoy to the book, "Christmas at Sea," which has a ring of human earnestness too rare in modern verse.

THE LION'S CUB, with other verse, by Richard Henry Stoddard (Charles Scribner's Sons). It is unusual for the last poem, of a collection of close upon a hundred, to entitle the book; but the opening one, "Liber Amoris," has, if memory fails not, already been used for a volume. The Persian fable of "The Beloved" again finds a paraphrase in rhyme and again loses greatly thereby. Nor does the Persian Sadi become more enjoyable in verse—Mr. Stoddard is most happy when speaking for himself. For instance, in the first set of thirteen poems, linked in a cycle, are lyrics of great beauty. However, the book has one notable merit yet more infrequent in its class—it is readable from cover to cover.

DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES, by Rudyard Kipling (New York, United States Book Co.). In this volume, unequal as it is, are a dozen really fine poems. "Danny Deeve" is a grim picture of the execution of a soldier in British India, that may be matched with Tennyson's "Riprah," and yet hold its own for virility. The humor of it adds the final touch of horror, which note is also predominant in "The Story of Uriah." In the dialect poems Mr. Kipling is at his best; he has caught the vulgar idiom and used it in a way worthy of Bret Harte. Far different from sentimental domestic ditties, seasoned with bad spelling, are these studies, and if they fail to seize upon Western audiences as they have upon the subjects of the British Empire, it will only prove once again that dialect after all repels as many as it attracts. The whole book is capitally turned out and deserves popularity.

## PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, VOL. XVIII. Only those concerned in similar work can fully realize the amount of knowledge, care and talent necessary to produce such a volume as this. We are dulled by satiety and fail, as a rule, to estimate at its right value the way art is brought to the people by the magnificent periodicals of modern civilization. In this, its latest volume, *The Century* keeps its laurels; so many have been awarded it that new wreaths fail to be noticeable, and praise is simply wasted on an enterprise so deserving and so fully appreciated. Those grumblers who always declare any volume of a serial is not quite up to its former standard, should compare it page by page with earlier issues. Having done so in this case, recantation would become simply a matter of duty. Among the contents are Mrs. Burton Harrison's "The Anglonians," the most successful novel of the season; John La Farge's "Letters from Japan," "The Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson," "The Treasures of the Yosemite"—each in themselves enough to make the reputation of a book. On the pictorial side, J. Cole's wonderful engravings after the old masters, especially the Botticellis and Verrocchios, and the cathedral sketches by Joseph Pennell, may be singled out for special praise. If the volume is weak in any department it is in examples of modern art; but to expect every subject to be as fully discussed in each half-yearly division were absurd, and despite a slight increase of direct photo-reproductions, and the absence we have noted, this is a notable addition to the goodly series that should adorn every household library.

ST. NICHOLAS VOLUMES FOR 1890. There is a whole library for children in these two delightful volumes. "Crowded out of Crofield" and "Lady Jane" lead in its fiction, and there are ample departments of history, travel, sport and miscellaneous, with an art gallery thrown in. One's regret for lost youth is never keener than when turning over the pages of St. Nicholas: we realize that in our childhood nothing like it was known. But soon, to acknowledge this will be to confess one's age too frankly; for seventeen good volumes already mark its success. If the generation brought up on such mental pabulum do not exhibit a taste for art and literature beyond any yet generally current, it will be not the fault of the editor and of the liberal publishers, who are ex-officio high commissioners of education and intellectual amusement for the nursery and school-room.

YULE TIDE (Cassell Publishing Co.). This popular Christmas number has again four full-page plates in monochrome and a large subject in colors, "Prince Charlie's Farewell to Flora Macdonald," which for brilliancy leaves nothing to be desired. As art the publication must not be taken too seriously.

THE COLLECTOR (354 West Twenty-fourth Street), published and edited by Alfred Trumble, at \$2 a year, we should think would be invaluable to every person embraced in its title. It is full of views and criticisms attractively served up by an experienced journalist, who is also a sound critic.